

SPAWN



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SPAWN 76 Summary

Spawn meets Granny Blake in the cemetery at the gravesite of her beloved husband Jack. There, Granny tells Al about her courtship and marriage to Jack. Al then takes Granny back in time and across another dimension to once again see and hold Jack. Afterwards Mary Blake advises Al to let go of Wanda for now assuring him that they will be together forever because they are soul mates.



I WANT
THE
TRUTH.

I WANT TO
KNOW WHAT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME.



AND
WHAT **IS**
HAPPENING
TO YOU,
SPAWN?



EVER
SINCE I WAS
ATTACKED BY THAT
THING. BY THAT
HEAP... EVER SINCE
MY MEETING WITH
THE GREEN-
WORLD*...

I CAN
SEE
THINGS,
FEEL
THINGS...

* IN SPAWN #73-75.



WHENEVER
I CLOSE MY EYES,
IT'S LIKE ALL THE
DARKNESS AND PAIN
AND SUFFERING IN THE
WORLD AROUND ME
COMES FLOODING
INTO MY MIND.

THEY
TOLD ME
THINGS... THE
KEEPER...
HE SPOKE OF
PROPHECIES, ABOUT
ENDING THE WAR
BETWEEN
HEAVEN AND
HELL...

AND
BOOTS...
HE WAS REALLY
AN ANGEL AND
HE SAVED ME.
WHY? AND HE SAID
SOMETHING
ABOUT A CHILD...
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN? *

NONE OF
IT MAKES
SENSE.

BUT THE
PAIN... IT'S
SO REAL.
IT'S ALIVE,
LIKE IT'S
HAPPENING
TO ME...

THE
SCALES
HAVE DROPPED
FROM YOUR
EYES, HELL-
SPAWN.

YOU WANT
TO KNOW WHAT
HAS "HAPPENED"
TO YOU, BUT
YOU'VE NEVER
BOTHERED TO
LEARN WHAT IT
IS YOU TRULY
ARE.

* SPAWN 75.

YOU WANT
ANSWERS,
BUT YOU STILL
HAVEN'T
LEARNED TO
ASK THE RIGHT
QUESTIONS.

ENOUGH!



DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME? I WANT THE TRUTH! I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH IT HURTS, I WANT THE TRUTH!

DAMN YOU, COG! I'M TIRED OF THIS GAME!

UFF!

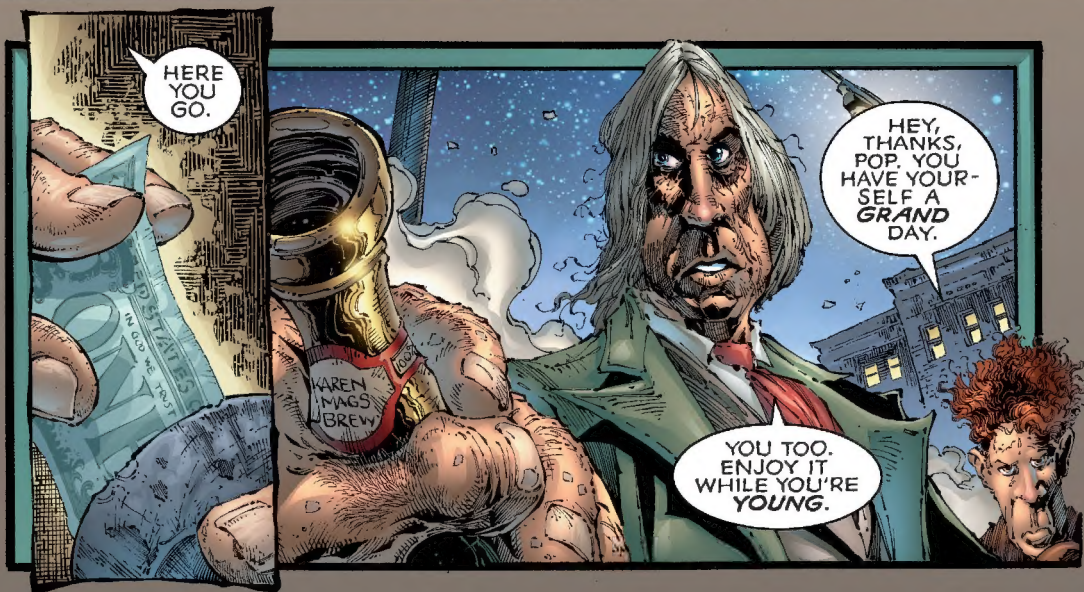
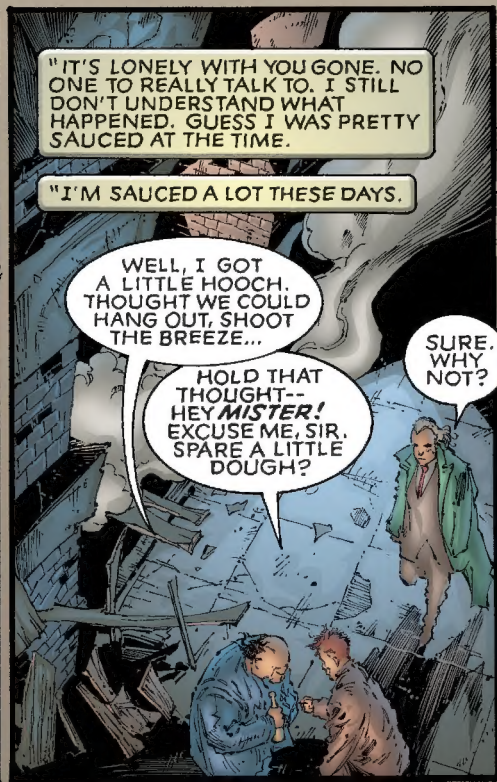
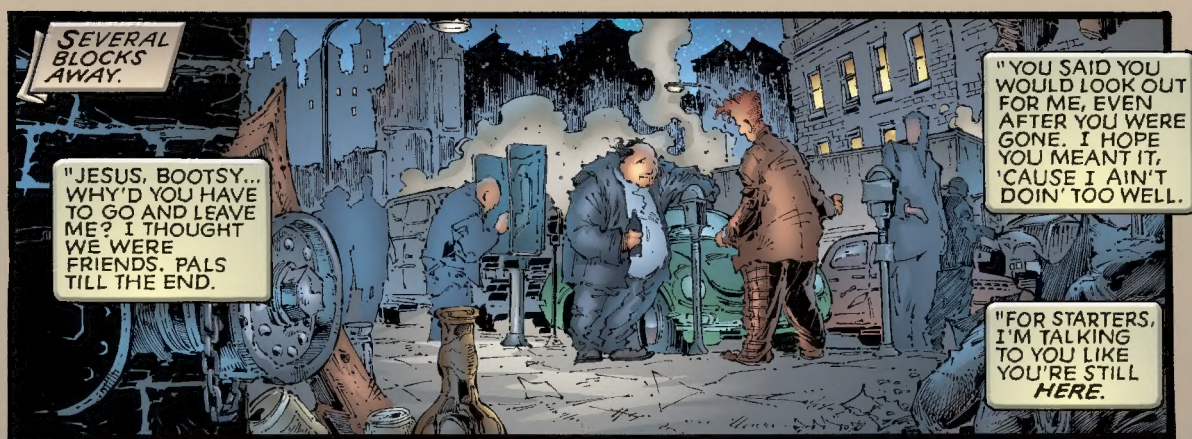
I DON'T WANT RIDDLES, I DON'T WANT EVASIONS, I WANT ANSWERS! NOW! AND IF YOU CAN'T GIVE THEM TO ME, THEN LEAVE ME THE HELL ALONE!

CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
THUNK

Hmm...

VERY WELL. PERHAPS YOU ARE READY.







"I DON'T KNOW, BOOTS. MAYBE YOU WERE A **REAL** ANGEL AFTER ALL. MAKES AS MUCH SENSE AS ANYTHING ELSE.

"THING IS, IF YOU ARE **UP THERE**, I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD HELP ME OUT A LITTLE.

LISTEN MAN, NO OFFENSE BUT I LIKE TO KEEP TO MYSELF. I AIN'T LOOKING FOR NO **FAITHFUL SIDE-KICK**, OKAY?

YEAH.

"MAYBE YOU CAN SEND ME A **SIGN** OR SOMETHING.



GOOD EVENING, MA'AM. COULD YOU SPARE SOME CHANGE?

REAL CHANGE COMES FROM **WITHIN**, FRIEND.

MY NAME IS SARAH. I CAN HELP YOU... IF YOU'RE WILLING TO HELP YOURSELF.

OH, JEEZ. HERE IT COMES. NO THANKS, LADY. I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

SAVING GRACE
Community Outreach Center
Dr. Sarah Frost
Client Liason
387 Houston



HOW ABOUT YOU, SIR? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A **FRIEND**.



YEAH. THANKS. I THINK MAYBE I COULD...

SHORTLY.

THERE
IT IS. UP
AHEAD.

A
CHURCH?

ONCE
NOW IT IS A
MUSEUM.
OWNED BY A
PRIVATE TRUST.
ART, ANTIQUES,
NATURAL HISTORY.
BUT WE NEED
ONLY CONCERN
OURSELVES
WITH **ONE**
COLLECTION.

BUT
WHY
ARE WE
HERE?

FOR
ANSWERS.

I CONFESS
I DON'T QUITE
UNDERSTAND
WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU IN THE
"GREENWORLD."
BUT IT SEEMS YOU
HAVE TAPPED INTO
SOME DEEPER
AWARENESS.

YOU
ARE, FOR
ALL YOUR
INTENTIONS,
A CREATURE
OF EVIL, A
LIVING
REPOSITORY
OF **SIN.**

HOW
DID YOU JUST
OPEN THAT
DOOR WITHOUT
A KEY?

IT WOULD
MAKE SENSE
THAT YOU SHOULD
RESONATE TO THE
WICKEDNESS
THAT TRANSPIRES
AROUND YOU.

THIS
OLD DOG
STILL HAS
A FEW
TRICKS
LEFT IN
HIM...

"... BESIDES, YOU
DON'T IMAGINE I
SPEND **ALL** MY
TIME IN THE
ALLEYS, DO YOU?"

STATION 2
CHECKING IN.
EVERYTHING'S
CLEAR.

NOW, LET ME
ASK YOU SOMETHING.
YOU PERFORMED A VIRTUAL
MIRACLE FOR MARY BLAKE.*
DO YOU HAVE **ANY IDEA**
HOW YOU DID THAT?

I DON'T
KNOW... I JUST
WANTED TO
HELP HER. EASE
HER PAIN.

YOU'RE
TAPPING INTO
YOUR POWERS
INTUITIVELY,
WHICH IS GOOD.
BUT YOU NEED
TO **STUDY**
THEM AS
WELL.

UNDER-
STANDING
IS AS
IMPORTANT
AS
INSTINCT.



JUST A
LITTLE
FURTHER.

HERE.

TO
PREPARE
FOR YOUR
FUTURE,
SPAWN...

...YOU
MUST FIRST
LEARN YOUR
PAST.

LATER, THE
OFFICES OF
SAM BURKE
AND TWITCH
WILLIAMS,
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATORS.

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT,
TWITCH. I CAN FEEL IT.
WE'RE GONNA BRING THAT
CRIMSON FREAK IN.

SIR, I THINK
YOU SHOULD
CALM DOWN.

I'LL CALM
DOWN WHEN
SPAWN IS BEHIND BARS.
OK MAN, I JUST **HOPE**
THAT SUCKER TRIES
TO **RESIST**.

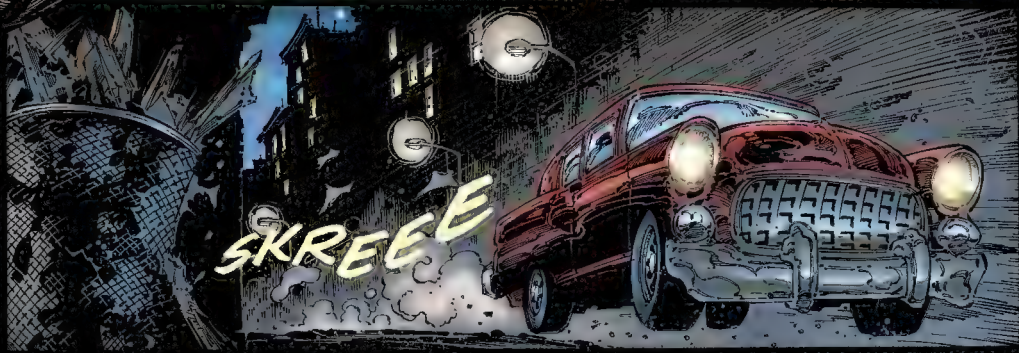
YOU'RE
A BETTER
DETECTIVE
THAN THIS, SIR.
YOU KNOW IT'S
UNWISE TO GO
INTO A SITUATION
LIKE THIS WHEN
EMOTIONS
ARE HIGH.

CAN IT,
TWITCH.
THIS
SIMMONS
BASTARD
COST US OUR
BADGES.
HE'S A
MENACE.

I SAY IT'S
TIME FOR SOME
MAJOR
PAYBACK.

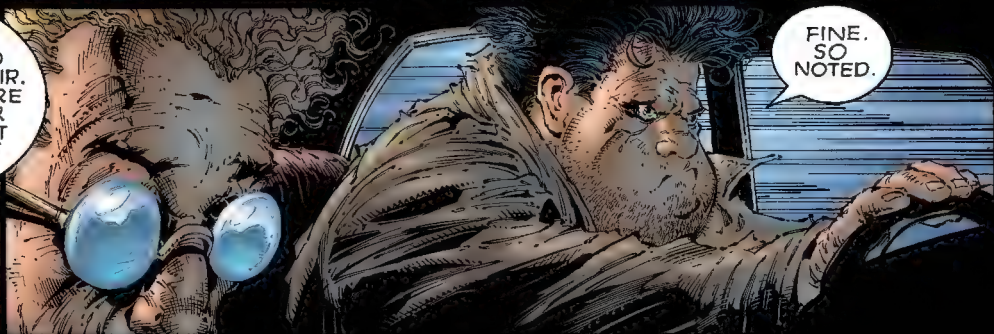
IS THAT
WHAT YOU SAY?
I WAS UNDER
THE IMPRESSION
WE WERE
PARTNERS.


YEAH,
WELL,
PARTNER...
I'M
LEAVING.
YOU WANT
TO LECTURE
ME, DO IT
IN THE
CAR.



I WANT
YOU TO
UNDERSTAND
SOMETHING, SIR.
I AM ONLY HERE
TO WATCH YOUR
BACK. I DO NOT
CONDONE THIS
EXCURSION.

FINE.
SO
NOTED.




A man in a blue jacket is looking at a building at night. The building has several windows lit up. There are signs on the building, including one that says "THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE". The man is looking at a door that has a sign that says "SAVING GRACE COMMUNITY OUTREACH CENTER 8 AM TO 10 PM".

"WELL, I ASKED AROUND ABOUT THAT LADY. SOME OF THE OTHER GUYS GOT CARDS FROM HER TOO. SAID SHE SEEMED PRETTY NICE."

"THOUGHT I MIGHT TAKE A CHANCE AND CHECK IT OUT. MAYBE GET A LITTLE HELP. BUT I'M TOO LATE. THE PLACE IS LOCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT."


"SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT MY HOPES UP."

"I MEAN, I HAVE NO ILLUSIONS. I KNOW WHAT I AM. I'M A BUM. A LOSER. JUST SOME USELESS OLD RELIC TOSSED OUT BY THE ROADSIDE."

A close-up of a man's face. He has a beard and is looking down. He is holding a small card that says "GRACE CENTER".

"AND THAT WAS OKAY WITH ME. I KNEW WHERE I STOOD."

"I ALWAYS FIGURED THAT WHEN YOU GOT NOTHING, YOU GOT NOTHING TO LOSE."

A close-up of a man's face. He has a beard and is looking down. He is holding a small card that says "GRACE CENTER".

"BUT I WAS WRONG. THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING MORE TO LOSE."

" I GUESS IT'S
BACK TO THE
SCRAP HEAP
WITH THE REST
OF THE REJECTS.

HEY!

YOU
THERE!
MAGGOT! I
KNOW YOU. YOU'RE
BUDDY-BUDDY
WITH SPAWN,
AIN'T'CHA?
WHERE'S
HE AT?

Huh?

LISTEN
TO ME,
LOW-LIFE.

WE GOT THE
GOODS ON SPAWN.
WE'RE GONNA
DRAG THE **BIG RED
FRUIT** DOWN TO THE
NEAREST PRECINCT
HOUSE AND FILL
OUT HIS **DANCE
CARD**.

YOU DO NOT
WANT TO IMPEDE
OUR INVESTIGA-
TION.

EASY,
SIR.

I DON'T
KNOW, I
SWEAR.

I
DON'T
KNOW.

I-I-I AIN'T
SEEN HIM.

HONEST.

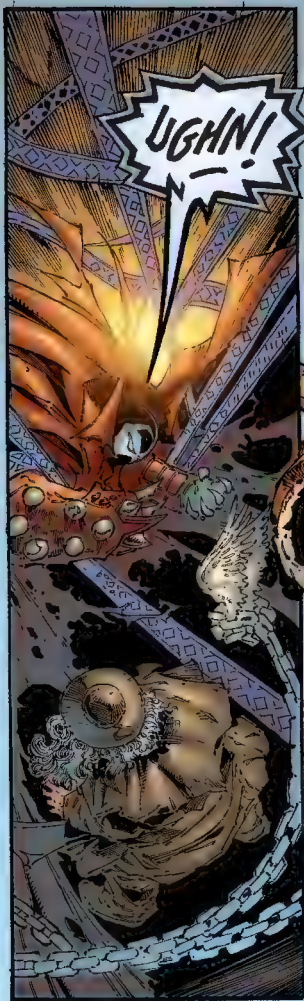
BUT, MAYBE
YOU COULD HELP
ME. MY FRIEND **BOOTSY**,
HE'S **GONE**. I THINK
MAYBE HE WAS
ABDUCTED...

I DON'T
KNOW... BUT
SOMETHING
BAD
HAPPENED...

WE'RE NOT LAW
ENFORCEMENT, BOBBY.
IF YOU'RE REALLY
CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR
FRIEND, YOU SHOULD
CONTACT THE POLICE.
I'M SORRY.

YOU
COMIN'
TWITCH?





NO!
DON'T
EXPEND
YOUR
STRENGTH.
IT'S TRYING
TO LEECH
YOUR POWER.
JUST HOLD
STILL FOR A
SECOND...

WHAT?!

IT'S THE
CEREMONIAL
HEADRESS
OF A
SERAPHIC
WARRIOR.

IT BELONGED
TO ONE OF THE
ALL-TIME GREAT
HELLSPAWN
HUNTERS, A
PARTICULARLY
LETHAL ANGEL
NAMED
IMMACULATA.

CRASH!


I SLEW HER
MYSELF
CENTURIES AGO.
GUESS IT STILL
HAD A LITTLE
KICK LEFT IN IT.

SORRY...
AT LEAST
THIS TIME YOU
REMEMBERED
NOT TO TOUCH
THE LANCE.




YOU
SLEW AN
ANGEL?

MORE
THAN ONE.
I WAS
QUITE THE
WARRIOR IN
MY DAY...



ALTHOUGH
"VICIOUS INHUMAN
MONSTER" MIGHT
BE A MORE APT
DESCRIPTION. THERE
ARE MANY CRIMES
I MUST CLAIM
AS MY OWN.

I HAVE
**OCEANS
OF BLOOD**
ON MY
HANDS.




I BROUGHT
YOU HERE
BECAUSE I
WANT YOU TO
UNDERSTAND
THE **DEPTH** AND
BREADTH OF
THIS CURSE,
AND HOW
MANY IT HAD
TOUCHED.



INCLUDING
MYSELF.

I UNDER-
STAND YOUR
SITUATION
BETTER THAN
YOU THINK. YOU
SEE, I TOO AM
A **HELL-
SPAWN**.



PERHAPS
THE **WORST**
THAT EVER
WALKED THE
EARTH. AFTER
CENTURIES OF BLOOD-
THIRSTY MAYHEM, I
REBELLED. I TRIED
TO BREAK THE
HOLD THE DEVIL
HAD ON ME.

I FOUND A
WAY TO EXTRICATE
MYSELF FROM MY
**SYMBIOTIC
NECROFORM**,
TO REGAIN MY
FREEDOM.

IT WAS
LENGTHY,
ARDUOUS
AND
EXTREMELY
PAINFUL...



... AND IT
FAILED.

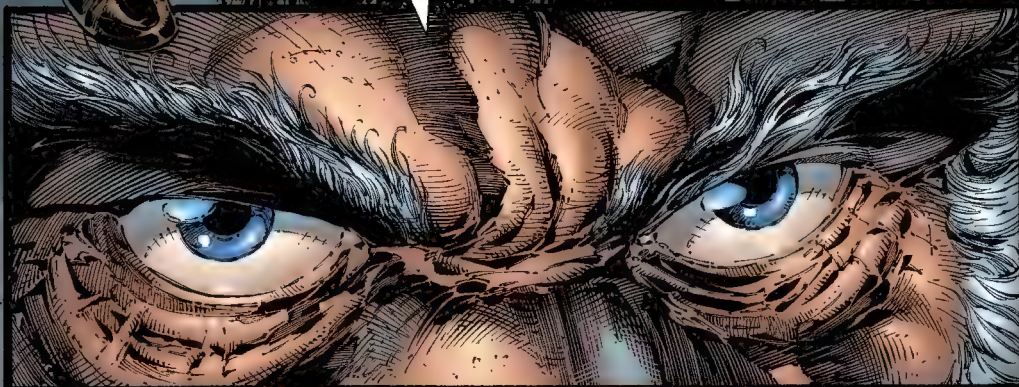
I PURGED
THE SYMBIOTE
FROM MY FLESH,
BUT RATHER
THAN FREEDOM,
I FOUND MY-
SELF TRAPPED
BETWEEN TWO
WORLDS.

HELL
CANNOT LAY
CLAIM TO ME,
BUT NEITHER
WILL
HEAVEN.

I AM
DAMNED TO
WALK THIS WORLD
FOREVER, UNLESS
I CAN FIND A
CHAMPION WHO
WILL FINALLY
BREAK THIS
CRUEL CHAIN
THAT BINDS
US.

I BELIEVE
YOU MAY BE THE
ONE, AL SIMMONS.
THE ONE TO FINALLY
END THIS MIND-
LESS, MERCILESS
WAR.

A WAR
THAT NEITHER
SIDE HAS ANY
INTEREST IN ENDING.
BUT IT WON'T BE EASY.
AND THE COST MOST
CERTAINLY WILL
BE HIGH.



'SUP,
BOBBY?

HEY,
GUYS. GOT
ANYTHING
TO DRINK?
ANYTHING
AT ALL?

SORRY,
BUT YOU
MIGHT
WANT TO
LAY OFF A
LITTLE. YOU
AIN'T
LOOKIN' SO
GOOD.

"I AIN'T *FEELIN'*
SO GOOD. MY
HEAD FEELS LIKE
A SACK OF WET
CEMENT.

"CAN'T GET MY
HANDS TO
STOP SHAKING.

HEY,
BERNIE,
CAN YOU
SPARE A
DROP
OF ANY-
THING?

PISS
OFF! I'M
SLEEPING!

"I'M DRY AS A
BONE. ALL I NEED
IS A LITTLE SOME-
THING TO TAKE
THE EDGE OFF.

WHISTLER...
HEY, THAT
YOU?

SLEEPING
IT OFF, huh?
LISTEN, I
DON'T MEAN
TO BUG YOU
BUT--

"JUST A COUPLE
DROPS TO WET
MY THROAT.

HOLY
CHRIST!
OH MY GOD!
WHISTLER!



NO!
NO!

No!

IT
CAN'T
BE!



HAAUCH!

"THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENING.
NOT AGAIN.
BOOTSY, YOU
ALWAYS TOLD
ME IF I HAD
FAITH, EVERY-
THING WOULD
BE OKAY.


"WELL, IT'S NOT
WORKING. THE
TIDE IS RISING
AND I'M SINKING
FAST.

"AND JUST WHEN I
THINK I HIT **BOTTOM**...

"GOD HELP ME, I
FIND SOME PLACE
LOWER TO GO.


HEAVEN
FORGIVE
ME.





... AND SO
I HAVE SPENT
CENTURIES WATCHING
THE HELLSPAWN RISE
AND FALL, SEARCHING
FOR SOME WAY TO
BREAK THIS DEMONIC
CURSE.

IN EACH
CASE I HAVE
MET WITH
FAILURE.
LOOK AROUND
YOU.




THE REMNANTS
OF COUNTLESS
WARRIORS. SOME
NOBLE, SOME WICKED,
MANY OF THEM
FOOLISH. ALL OF
WHOM HAVE FALLEN
TO THIS CURSE.

ALL
THESE...
CAME
BEFORE
ME?

YES. **THAT**
ONE IS OF
COUNT NOVIA
OF ILLYRIA. A MOST
SHREWD AND
GIFTED STUDENT. HE
SERVED AS COURT
WIZARD FOR TWO
EMPERORS AND
A CZAR.

A FEARLESS
WARRIOR WITH
A KEEN MIND AND
AN UNPARALLELED
INSTINCT FOR
SURVIVAL. BUT NOW
HE KNEELS AT THE
THRONE OF
MALEBOLGIA,
JUST LIKE THE
REST.



SO WHAT
CHANCE DO
I HAVE? WHAT
CAN I DO?

WHAT ARE YOU **WILLING** TO DO? I'M AFRAID AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I HAVE FOUND ONLY ONE CERTAIN WAY TO ESCAPE THE CURSE. I DOUBT VERY MUCH YOU'LL LIKE IT.

SPAWN, YOU CAN **ACCEPT** YOUR DEMONIC NATURE, **NURTURE** IT, ALLOW IT TO GROW IN STRENGTH AND POWER...

UNTIL SUCH A TIME AS YOU ARE **STRONG AND POWERFUL** ENOUGH TO CONFRONT THE MALEBOLGIA AND **DEFEAT** HIM...

... AND **TAKE HIS PLACE** AS THE **KING OF HELL.**

KRAK!

WHAT?!

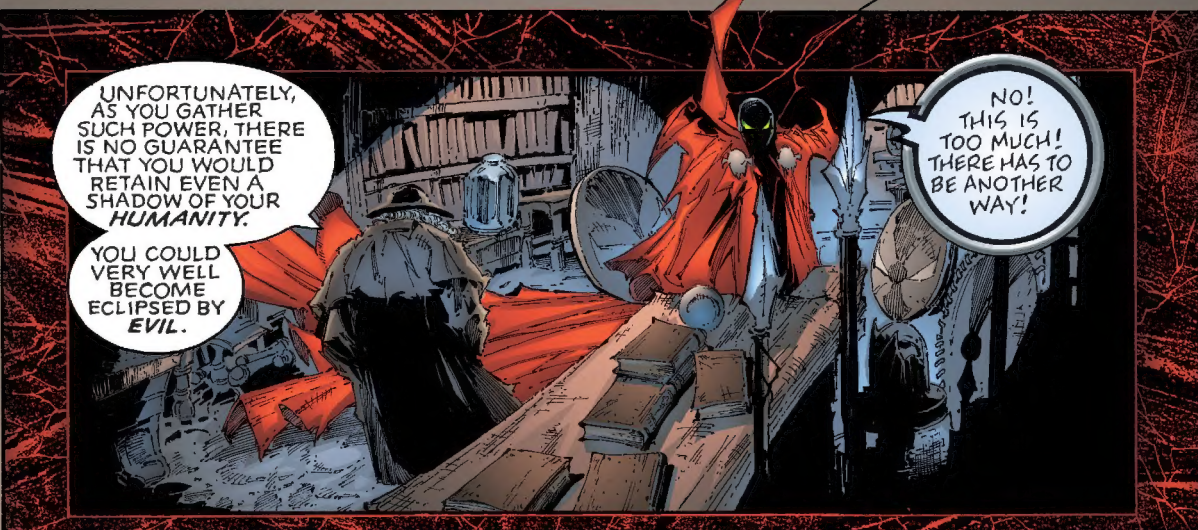
ARE YOU TELLING ME THE ONLY WAY TO STOP BEING A HELLSPOWN IS TO BECOME THE **DEVIL?!**

IT WOULD THEN BE IN YOUR PURVIEW TO **END** THE GREAT WAR WITH **HEAVEN** AND TO RELEASE ALL SOULS HELD CAPTIVE IN THE LOWER DEPTHS.

YOU COULD BRING **PEACE** AND **SALVATION** TO THIS WORLD, BUT **YOU** WOULD HAVE TO REMAIN ALONE IN HELL FOR ETERNITY, RULING AS ITS SOVEREIGN.

THE ULTIMATE **SACRIFICE.**





UNFORTUNATELY,
AS YOU GATHER
SUCH POWER, THERE
IS NO GUARANTEE
THAT YOU WOULD
RETAIN EVEN A
SHADOW OF YOUR
HUMANITY.


YOU COULD
VERY WELL
BECOME
ECLIPSED BY
EVIL.

NO!
THIS IS
TOO MUCH!
THERE HAS TO
BE ANOTHER
WAY!



THE ONLY RECOURSE
IS TO REDEEM YOURSELF--
TO GAIN HEAVEN'S FAVOR--
BUT SO FAR THEY'VE NOT
PROVEN VERY
ACCOMODATING.

STILL, I ADMIT I'M
INTRIGUED BY WHAT
BELAZEKIAL, OR "BOOTSY"
AS HE WAS KNOWN TO YOU,
SAID ABOUT A *CHILD*.
PERHAPS THERE IS--



NO! NO!
NO!

SPAWN,
THERE IS NO
CALL FOR
HISTRIONICS.



SPAWN?!

NO! IT'S
ONE OF THOSE
VISIONS!
SOMETHING
TERRIBLE IS OUT
THERE.

I
DON'T...

SOME
DARK
FORCE...

THERE'S
SOME-
THING
WRONG...

"...SOMETHING VERY WRONG."

>Sigh< WELL, NO SIGN OF SPAWNY. I GUESS TONIGHT WAS BUST.

I THINK IT'S FOR THE BEST. WE'LL BETTER ADDRESS THIS MATTER WHEN COOLER HEADS PREVAIL.

YEAH. LISTEN... SORRY ABOUT THE THEATRICALS. JUST LOST MY TEMPER. I WASN'T BEING FAIR. TRUTH IS, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU, PARTNER.

MUTUAL, SIR.

EXCUSE ME. DO EITHER OF YOU GENTLEMEN HAVE A LIGHT?

HANG ON, LET ME CHECK...

NEVER MIND... I FOUND ONE.

BLAM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

JEEZUS! GET DOWN, TWITCH!

SONUVABITCH PSYCHO! I SWEAR, IF YOU CHIP THE PAINT ON MY RIDE...

BLAM!
BLAM!

BAW!

IT'S OKAY, TWITCH. I DROPPED THE BASTARD. WHY THE HELL WAS HE--

TWITCH? HEY, TWITCH?



TO BE CONTINUED...





Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE